

# The Critic

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### Literature

#### Max Müller's "Science of Language"

ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY with the publication of Prof. Max Müller's lectures on 'Physical Religion' appears the new edition, in two volumes, of the most celebrated work of this indefatigable scholar. These volumes comprise the well-known 'Lectures on the Science of Language,' which were delivered in 1861 and 1863, and are now entirely revised and recast, making the work, to a considerable extent, a new treatise. The lectures become chapters, and in this form have been partly re-written and often largely expanded. Thus the fifth chapter of the second volume, which has for its subject 'Grimm's Law,' is extended from twenty-seven to fifty-four pages, by introducing the latest modifications of that important and much-discussed law of language, as disclosed by the researches of Grassmann, Verner, Kluge, Miss Helen Webster, and other philologists.

Of all attempts to popularize an abstruse science, none was ever more completely or more happily successful than the original work on its first appearance, nearly thirty years ago. It is little to say that it made an epoch in the study of philology. This it accomplished not merely by its charm of style and its lucid methods of exposition and illustration, but still more by the evidences of profound erudition and original thought which were apparent in its pages. Its great merit was that it broke at one blow the bonds of that classic tradition which was impeding mental progress and the growth of liberal sentiment. It made familiar to the whole reading population of Europe and America the fact that Greek and Latin were not specially chosen idioms, of peculiar and unrivalled excellence, but were merely two among a large family of tongues, of equal beauty of construction and equal value to science, which had flourished anciently in many lands, from India to Ireland, and had been the parents and sources of the languages and literatures of nearly half the population of the globe. In other words, his work not merely made evident to all minds that near kinship of the members of the vast Indo-European family, of which scholars were already aware, but established at the same time their intellectual equality, by an analysis and comparison of their varieties of speech, among which Greek could not be held to be superior to Sanskrit, or Latin higher than Celtic.

It is true that the author left unweakened, if not rather strengthened, another illusion which then prevailed, and still to some extent prevails, with mischievous effect, not only in the world of letters, but also in that of politics. The position of intellectual predominance, from which Greek and Latin were deposed, was claimed for two linguistic families, the Aryan and the Semitic. Prof. Max Müller was the inventor of the name 'Turanian,' as the title of an immense family, or rather agglomeration, of tongues and tribes, including in a vague connection, and in a common status of inferiority, nearly all the languages and peoples of the Old World, outside of the exalted Aryan and Semitic kindreds.

He now frankly admits that this was 'too wide a generalization.' In his new work he restricts the term Turanian to what is more commonly known as the Ural-Altaic family of Northern Asia and Europe,—a family presenting some notable evidences of connection with the Indo-European, as has been shown by Anderson, Weske, Dr. Isaac Taylor, and other eminent scholars.

For the wider classification Prof. Max Müller now prefers Prichard's style of 'Allophylian'; and he still adheres to the opinion that 'the Aryan and the Semitic are, strictly speaking, the only families of speech which fully deserve that title.' This view, it must be said, if not as obsolete as the earlier Turanian generalization, is at least obsolescent. Among students who have devoted to the so-called Allophylian languages of Southern Asia, Africa, America, and Polynesia the same careful attention which has been given by Prof. Max Müller to the Aryan and Semitic tongues, it has become an established conclusion that the distinction of families or 'linguistic stocks' is quite as clear and positive among the former as with the latter, and that any notion of inferiority, founded on the supposed absence of this distinction, must be discarded.

It is but just to add that the author, particularly in his second volume, has made large use of the results of recent linguistic studies in the newer fields of inquiry, and that whatever may be the apparent bearing of some parts of his system, his expressions and evident personal tendencies are liberal and sympathetic towards all races. His work, in its new form, will doubtless have an acceptance and admiration as cordial among students of the present day as the earlier issue enjoyed among those of the last generation.

#### "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln"

ANY REAL addition to the historical literature relating to Lincoln is an enlargement of the treasures of humanity. The moral force of that strong personality is increasing, and apparently will increase with the lapse of years. Mr. L. E. Chittenden, Register of the United States Treasury under Lincoln, was an eye-witness of the Washington life of the great War-President and 'Emancipator.' Happily for the future historian and the English-reading people of the world, Mr. Chittenden has written out his notes made from day to day nearly a generation ago, and for twenty-five years laid aside without the idea of publication. The title, 'Recollections of Abraham Lincoln and His Administration,' shows the scope of the work, which takes the form of an octavo of four hundred and seventy pages, including an elaborate index.

Beginning with the State elections of 1860, Mr. Chittenden relates his experiences as an office-seeker in Washington. He gives vivid pen-pictures of Breckenridge, Scott, and scores of prominent figures in the days of 1861; tells the story of the new Cabinet, describes the volunteers and the regulars, and the novel kind of money put in circulation, and notes the faith of the President in ironclads. In a word, he reproduces, with the brilliancy of a stereopticon picture, the sights of Washington thirty years ago. Many erroneous statements in so-called 'histories' are criticised, and a number of popular impressions corrected. The story of Lincoln's signing his name to twelve thousand and five hundred bonds, with as many repetitions of his own signature, between 12 o'clock on Friday and 4 o'clock A.M. on Monday, is given in detail, and is modestly but thrillingly told. The object was to prevent the departure of Confederate ironclads from England, by a deposit of signed Government securities equal to one million pounds sterling. These had to be done in time for carriage on the next outgoing steamer from New York. The penalty of Mr. Chittenden's devotion to his country was the ruin of his health and the shattering of his nervous system, which

\* The Science of Language. By F. Max Müller. 2 vols. \$6. Charles Scribner's Sons.

\* Recollections of Abraham Lincoln and His Administration. By L. E. Chittenden. \$2.50. Harper & Bros.

compelled his resignation, followed by several years of chronic pain. Every page of the book is interesting, and its publication tends to show more clearly the tremendous issues of the War, and to demonstrate—if demonstration were needed—the moral grandeur of the character of Abraham Lincoln.

#### Dupleix\*

THIS LIFE OF DUPELIX is introduced by an instructive chapter which relates briefly the earlier history of the French in India. We learn from it that Francis Caron was nominated by Colbert, Director General of French Commerce in India, and that in December, 1667, he established at Surat the first French factory. In the year 1674, Pondicherry, eighty-six miles south of the English settlement at Madras, was acquired by purchase, the negotiation being conducted by Francis Martin, an officer of the Company. This was in reality the beginning of that French India which was 'to contest the supremacy over the entire peninsula with the English.' From 1674 to the first year of Dupleix's administration (1741) the influence of the French steadily increased. Arrangements mutually beneficial were made with the native princes, and quarrels with the English were generally decided favorably to the French. At the close of M. Dumas's administration, Joseph François Dupleix, then Intendant of Chandarnagar, succeeded to a position which, though full of responsibility, was great enough in promise to rouse the ambition of a man even less aspiring than himself.

Joseph François Dupleix was born in 1697. His father, who was Farmer General and Director General of the Company of the Indies, had destined him to a commercial career. In 1720 he was appointed to a high post at Pondicherry, and in 1730 he became the Intendant of Chandarnagar, a post ceded to the French by the Mogul Emperors. This station, languishing and impoverished, became, under Dupleix's administration, a rich and important commercial depot, and it was his successful administration of its affairs that led to his appointment to the high position of Director General. In 1744 France declared war against England, and the settlements in India became involved in the contest. Madras fell into the hands of the French, and the refusal of Dupleix to fulfil his promise to the Nawab of the Karnatic—*vis*, to deliver over Madras to him—precipitated the conflict between the French and native troops which is known as the battle of St. Thomé. This battle, as the author well remarks, inverted the position of the European settler and the overlord. Heretofore the superiority of the latter had never been disputed; henceforth the alliance of Europeans was eagerly sought by every pretender to dominion.

The genius of Dupleix lay more in planning than in execution. He was not a born soldier. His dreams of a French India, fascinating as they were, could not be brought into actuality unless by action as vigorous as the dreams were vivid. This secret of success Dupleix lacked, and it was greatly owing to this that he failed. Add to this the halting assistance of his own country, and the surpassing genius of Clive, and we shall no longer wonder that the peninsula of India rests under the flag of England. Dupleix was recalled in 1754, and on his return to France was treated with great lack of generosity. His claims upon the Government (which had made him a Marquis when his star was in the ascendant) were disregarded, his friends abandoned him, and he died in poverty in 1764. He was a man of high honor, of brilliant ideas and of much wisdom, but his failure lay in his inability to carry his plans to realization. This weakness accentuates the contrast between him and Lord Clive. The comparison made with Napoleon seems to us quite out of place. Once and again Dupleix is set side by side with that greatest general of modern times, but only the most blinded hero-worship can account for an estimate so absurd.

\* Dupleix. Col. G. B. Malletson. 6s. 6d. (Rulers of India.) Macmillan & Co.

#### The Stevens Facsimiles\*

VOLUME IX. of the Stevens 'Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives Relating to America' begins with the petition of Congress to the King, Oct. 26, 1774, with the autographs of the signers. It was directed, under cover to Dr. Franklin, to the agents who were to deliver it to His Majesty—namely, Paul Wentworth, Edmund Burke, Dr. Franklin himself, and four others, who were to have met at Waghorn's Coffee-house, thence to proceed, accompanied by as many Americans as possible, to present it. Wentworth, it appears, declined, holding that the petition was worded offensively and was 'in a very high tone.' Lord Chatham, however, found it 'decent, manly and properly expressed,' and Dr. Franklin was led to believe that some important effects would follow its acceptance in such a spirit and was disappointed when no change of policy resulted. The paper of the original, in the English Public Record Office, is now there, discolored and torn in places, and the facsimile copy has not been made a day too soon. The minutes, in William Eden's handwriting, supposed to be for the King's speech to Parliament, October 26, 1775, are the next most important document. They refer to 'those daring spirits in New England, who have fatally been able to mislead, deceive and inflame the people,' and suggest, in parenthesis, that the consequences which their success might entail on the Fisheries, the Sugar Islands, and the Naval Power of the Empire be especially dwelt upon. The minutes for the Royal Order appointing Lord George Germain Secretary of State for the Colonies are shown to contain many erasures and amendments in the handwriting of Solicitor-General Wedderburn. The original is preserved in King's College, Cambridge.

A letter from the Count de Vergennes to Baron de Beaumarchais, May 2, 1776—in which he speaks of the wealth of England as showing merely a puffed-up condition, which he compares to the solid embonpoint of France—begins a long and somewhat wordy correspondence lasting to Aug. 13. A narrative of the mission of Silas Deane to the French Court, in the handwriting of Wm. Frazer, deals principally with the visit of Dr. Bancroft to Mr. Deane at the invitation of the latter, to inform him of the state of affairs in England. It tells also why a public proclamation of independence was not issued at the time, some members of Congress still hoping for a reconciliation; and of the progress of the trade in arms and munitions of war which had already sprung up with the connivance of the French Government. A noteworthy point is the narrowness of the means allowed to the American ambassadors to cover their expenses. Mr. Deane was authorized to pay 30*l.* to Dr. Bancroft for the expenses of a journey from London which had to be undertaken in secrecy, though he was burdened with a mass of more or less compromising documents. Dr. Franklin was expected to defray his expenses out of part of the proceeds of a cargo of tobacco consigned to him. These documents, many of which have never before been published, make, in short, a most entertaining as well as instructive 'inside' history of the Revolution from points of view of the English and French courts and the Congressional agents accredited to them. The next volume will complete the issue for the present year.

#### "With the Beduins"†

SINCE Lady Hester Stanhope and Crescent-and-the-Cross Warburton set the fashion, the Beduins have been a sort of passion with Englishmen. A gauzy mystery hangs about these people even as they hang gauzily and mystically on the edge of the desert, a *mirage* of men and women hooded, cowed, wandering, unsubstantial, a dreamlike apparition of a nation that numbered Abraham, Isaac and Jacob among their sheikhs and heard the allegories of our Lord. They appear and vanish; their tents glint in the Syrian sun or

\* Facsimiles of Documents Relating to America: 1773-83. Vol. IX. 85s. B. F. Stevens.

† With the Beduins. By Gray Hill. London: T. Fisher Unwin.



uplift their triangles in the dusk; they steal away on their interminable camels and emerge at Baalbec or Palmyra or the Dead Sea, Biblically grouped in tableau-like effects and lending an infinite piquancy and charm to the landscape. Ethnologically they may be Arabs, or Turanians or Egyptians bitten with the nomad instinct, remnants of migrating nations left behind ages upon ages ago: artistically they are altogether delightful, picturesque, murderous creatures, who throw themselves into bewitching attitudes before the wealthy traveller and extort from him *baksheesh* with all the grace imaginable.

Among these singular people, dark in face, enigmatic in character, prehistoric in habits, Mr. and Mrs. Hill have spent vacation after vacation, fascinated by the irresistible charm of the Biblical desert and its statuesque inhabitants, where everything seems fixed and eternal except the unstable population, and where the Dead Sea lies golden and desolate as it did dozens of centuries ago and the exquisite air throws a passionate beauty over the ruins and remembrances of the past. At one season their journeyings were east of the Jordan among the lovely and lordly Judean hills, in the Camps of the Adwan, on Mount Nebo with its wondrous Mosaic memories garlanded about it and in the glens of Gilead. They soon get on familiar terms with the land of Gennesaret and the purple Sea of Galilee and the sandy sinuous Jordan, and the strange electric-blue of Galilean moonlight. They visit the beautiful Mount of the Beatitudes and the Druses, and come on traces of Laurence Oliphant, and steep themselves in the sacred associations of Tabor and Nazareth, descending to the sea, travelling southwards, and crossing the rosy-memored plain of Sharon.

Another of their journeyings takes them through Philistia to Askalon, Gaza of the Gates, Beersheba, Hebron, and Jerusalem, where every stop is starred with such thrilling names as Bethlehem, Machpelah, and Mamre, and they loiter among the wonderful columns and recollections of Palmyra, Aurelian, and Zenobia. Damascus rejoices their heart as it does that of every traveller, and they return laden with adventures and experiences in the track of the caravans. Every now and then a spice of danger lends acuteness to the delight of camel and horseback travel in the keen spring air of Palestine, but the peril is eluded, and the travellers flit gayly about among the old cities, the missionary settlements, and the wild sheikhs and dervishes without really serious annoyance. Their invaluable dragoon George brings them safely through their difficulties, and they escape with a treasure of photographs and views which are liberally sprinkled over the pages. The book concludes with some amusing pidgin-English 'Stories of Aeon Suleyman,' three fables, and an appendix. The narrative is simple and unpretentious to a degree.

#### Recent Fiction

'FROM SHADOW TO SUNLIGHT,' by the Marquis of Lorne, is a book whose writing is so bad and whose story so dull that even the dignity of a noble name cannot save it from derisive comment. The mystery is how a man so high in position could be content to do so little a thing, and do it so ill. Here are two sentences, punctuation unaltered, from the description of a game of chess:—'It was certainly wonderful to see how much surprised he appeared to be when the flashing eyes and pearly teeth shown from a moment between the lovely lips opposite to him, laughed in his face and "check Queen!" rang from the round throat of "little Miss Mary" as he called her. His tall frame, bowed with years and clothed in a handsome dressing-gown, below which he wore a long crimson velvet waistcoat, would stretch forward, and then the fine old head, with the white locks brushed carefully forward in the old style, the fine curve of the prominent nose, and white mustache and beard, would bend over the board, and then look gravely up into Mary Wincott's face, and he would say:—By George, I believe you've got me this time!' How unsearchable are the judgments of royalty, and their ways past finding out! (50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)—'THE CANADIAN SENATOR,' by Christopher Oakes, is a bright little story of love and politics in the Dominion. The scene is laid chiefly in the Capital, and through the good-natured and pompous Senator we get some crisp and humorous situations

that relieve the otherwise straightforward narrative of how Arthur Rashfellow finally won his wife and instead of becoming farm instructor to the Indians on the Kickaway Reserve settled down in Ottawa to domestic peace and a government situation. (25 cts. U. S. Book Co.)—'THE ROMANCE of a Spanish Nun,' by Alice Montgomery Baldy, is the somewhat inconsequential story of a girl who accepted the Catholic faith and betook herself to a convent while the man to whom she was betrothed was absent in the Philippines, saving his income against the hour when he might come home and wed her. The style of the book is fluent and clear, and there is a certain languorous sweetness about the atmosphere; but the story is feebly constructed and ineffective. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

'LEFT TO THEMSELVES,' by Edward Ireræus Stevenson, is a book designed for boys, and recommended for 'grown-ups' in a preface that sets forth many things, not the least of which is some very bad writing. The story tells the adventures of two boys who succeeded in escaping from the toils of a villain who had boldly announced to the elder of them his intention of kidnapping the younger. Three times, when fate seemed against them, these lads by some fortunate accident were delivered out of the hands of knavery. To quote a sentence from Mr. Stevenson's preface, where he analyzes the requirements of a child's story:—'Children, after the earliest period, are more serious and finer and more perceptive natures than we may have come to allowing, or for which we may have come to working.' Hence we think they may be among the earliest to discover flaws in a book where the probabilities are so lightly disregarded as here, in certain situations between the boys and the rogue Belmont. It is Mr. Stevenson, in his preface, who has set the standard—not we; and we should have found many good and pleasant things in this account of the 'Ordeal of Philip and Gerald,' especially the loyal friendship of the two boys, had we not felt the severity of the test. (\$1. Hunt & Eaton.)

'RYLE'S OPEN GATE' is one of those spontaneous productions which, written without method and, we might add, moderation, announce the delight the author took in the work. And as such delight is sure to create a very distinct atmosphere of its own, the reader of Mrs. Susan Teackle Moore's happy record of a summer's sojourn in an old house on Long Island has much pleasure in store for him. It is a sketchy, patchy little book, without rhyme or reason, and its chief charm lies in the fact that everybody was so happy—so legitimately happy. They are Robin, mixing batter-cakes in the new watering-pot because by taking off the sprinkler they would pour so capitably out of the spout, and popping corn in the old brass warming-pan; Mamma, the mistress of Ingleside, gay in her calico dress and lavender ribbons, sitting out on the porch in her great Dutch chair; Keziah, the cook, making mushroom cmelettes for the little crippled Andy, who lived in the Seaside Home; Mary, the maid, who indulged in the richest Irish brogue; Nathan, the man, who, being a gregarious animal, was generally to be found listening to some fisherman's yarn; Fitch the horse, Bang the dog, Nip and Tuck the pigs, and last but not least the little schoolmistress who plighted her troth to the rector. The sentiment is rapid at times, the personality is sometimes too insistent, and we confess that we are out of sympathy with certain vaporizing on Chippendale furniture and the like; but there is so much poetry in the life they lead, so much warmth and local color in the pictures of the old south shore, and so much good cheer and hospitality at Ingleside, that we willingly let ourselves be drawn into the sea-purse of Mrs. Moore's charming descriptions and carried whither it may take us. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

MR. ALGERNON RIDGEWAY has written a very delightful story in 'Diana Fontaine.' For certain qualities of individuality and freshness of life the heroine almost deserves to rank with her great namesake, Di Vernon. It is the vitality and the perfect naturalness of this girl of modern civilization, with her æsthetic ideas, her largeness of view, her correct intonation, her audacity of spirit, her foreign perfumes, her pose and her poise, as she dwells among the homely, illiterate people of Pughtown in the pine barrens of the Shenandoah Valley, that make the charm of the story. The sense of contrast is never absent; and when one would tire of Mary Jane, and the gentle Lou-i-sy, and Miss Vanessa Spangler with her little pudgy body, her gewgaws and her jealous passion for the once gallant soldier, Capt. Ray McElroy, there is Diana's free, bounding step coming over the hill, her currant-sprigged muslin dress floating out behind with the quickness of her step, her shade hat with the French currants dangling from her arm, and either Capt. McElroy or Dr. Loughborough walking beside her, bearing witness to her enticing personality. The story is simple; but it begins with a scene whose improbability is enough to make one's eyes open so wide that they will

not regain their normal state till the book is finished. Diana Fontaine, in the aforesaid muslin dress and currant-trimmed hat, stands on a rock in a ravine, and imagining herself a nymph and Narcissus her love, calls out delicious nonsense to hear it echoed back; which it is, every time, with human sagacity, by a long-limbed young Southerner who, when he is found out, presents himself with a sufficient gravity; whereupon these young people, hitherto unacquainted, begin a personal conversation which concludes with Dr. Loughborough's somewhat inconsequential remark that 'the passionate heart alone is pure.' Now Dr. Loughborough was betrothed to Lou-i-sy; and Capt. McElroy, no longer the gallant soldier that he once was, had succumbed to the enemy opium, and was very willing to be nursed by Vanessa Spangler, inferior though her social station was, and also to have his debts paid by her father. But Diana's advent, fresh from New York, the latest novelty in human fascination, brought dire confusion. Vanessa had jealous hysterics; Loughborough and Diana fell passionately in love with each other; and Lou-i-sy was the only one who remained happy and ignorant of disaster. For Diana herself pinned on the bride's veil, and then went off to Germany to throw the force of her being into the interpretation of Beethoven. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott.)

MRS. AMELIA E. BARR not only knows how to write a good story—even those who do not ordinarily read romances acknowledge that,—but she also has more than one kind of story to tell. The two books before us, 'She Loved a Sailor' and 'The Beads of Tasmer,' represent this versatility. The former is descriptive of New York City during Jackson's administration; and without interrupting the straightforward tale of the fortunes of Virginia Mason and Capt. Marius Bradford, it well portrays the financial and political questions of that stormy period, and slavery in the South. Virginia loved the gallant Captain of the *Arethusa*, and in spite of obstacles and disaster and shipwreck clung to him, believing he would come back to the land of the living and claim her, as in fact he did according to a spiritual communication which his dying father had received, saying that Marius would return just before the winter. The most absorbing situations of the story, however, are connected with the life of Jane and Nigel Forfare, who spent most of their married life on a plantation in Tennessee, where very much the same state of family life is pictured as in Mrs. Stowe's 'Dred.' (\$1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

MRS. BARR'S 'Beads of Tasmer' takes us over land and sea far from the race tragedies described in 'She Loved a Sailor' to the northern coast of Scotland, and tells us of the fortunes of the old Thanes of Ross and their descendants, Sir Rolfe Torquil and his son Donald and daughter Sara. After centuries of power and prosperity the family was declining, and it was necessary to replenish its empty exchequer by an advantageous marriage for Sara. As she was very beautiful this was not difficult to bring about, and she married the rich Mr. Maclane, whose devotion did not refuse to her as a wedding-gift money sufficient to send to America the old tenants whom her grasping father had turned off of the estate of Tasmer. Meanwhile Donald had fallen in love with the daughter of a Protestant clergyman and there was great contriving between the lovers as to how they should meet each other and how finally overcome her father's scruples enough to let Roberta marry a Catholic. Feeling ran high in Scotland between the two sects, and it is easier to sacrifice a daughter than to give up a cherished tenet; but in the end the death of Sir Rolfe softened the old man's prejudices, and seeing that all was vanity, he gave his consent to Roberta's union with Donald. One night, thinking deeply of the poor tenants who were pining in America to get back to their native heath, Donald went into the oratory, and taking the old worn rosary began to pray for means to bring them back, when suddenly a bead parted in his hand, then another and another, and they all disclosed gems of the purest water whose worth was sufficient to bring back the old retainers. And thus the prophecy of the beads was fulfilled:—

Tellen these trewe wordse:—  
Whaun Tasmer's fortune shalle wane and faide  
Shaune aske of the Beads of Tasmer aide.

(Robert Bonner's Sons.)

'A LITTLE IRISH GIRL' is a volume of six stories by that vivacious and inexhaustible author, the Duchess. Poor little Dulcinea, hardly out of frocks and still indulging in the most inconsistent reasoning, starts to run off with a man because he has sympathized with her when her family lectured her and she is sure they are all against her. But at the station misgivings as to whether she really loves him lead her to stop where she is, and when dear friendly

Andy appears and berates her in the roundest of slang phrases, she is only too glad to get home even if she does have to ride with Sir Ralph who, she is sure, knows all about her intended elopement and will be crosser than ever with her. But Sir Ralph wasn't so savage but that he got her to confess shortly afterwards that she liked him much better than the man she was going to run away with. The Duchess never fails us in hot weather when what one wants is a story where one can read a sentence on a page and feel that nothing is lost by skipping. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

—THE VOLUME which Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps Ward publishes under the title of 'Fourteen to One' contains a number of stories that we are glad to see in book form. Chief among these old favorites are 'Jack the Fisherman,' 'The Rev. Malachi Matthew' and 'The Madonna of the Tubs.' The author has long held a high place in the estimation of her readers for a spiritual penetration and depth of feeling that have made her stories seem to hold the mirror up to truth. Intrepid, poetic, observant, with a truly religious nature and a strength of grasp that has made her presentation of facts invariably impressive, Mrs. Ward yields in individuality to no writer of American fiction. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

—'BRAS D'ACIER' is a story of the search for gold in '49, adapted from the French of Alfred de Bréhat by A. Estoclet. The scenes laid in San Francisco and the Sacramento Valley are full of violence and bloodshed between Spaniards, Frenchmen, Mexicans and the crowd of motley nationalities that surged to that tempestuous life. Vice, crime, adventure, and escapes are described so abundantly that one is surfeited with excitement before three chapters have been read, and quite exhausted at the end of the volume. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

WHEN A WOMAN young, handsome, desperate and devilish steals a large sum of money from a man whom she has drugged in a gambling-den, and uses it to re-establish herself in respectable life in England, where she marries one of those noble English squires who are always ready for the reformed adventuress, it is inevitable that she shall be found out at the brightest moment of her life's reconstruction. Such, at least, is the situation in 'A Field of Tares,' by Clo. Graves, which might have been a good story had not the odds been so heavy against the heroine and the conclusion so distinctly foreshadowed from the first chapter. To save the honor of her husband and step-daughter, this woman has the courage to accept the sacrifice of the life of a friend who murders their common enemy. She could not kill herself or the man who threatened her with ruin, for fear of the scandal involved; and one may consider it selfishness or self-abnegation to let some one else suffer. The situations though forcible are not new, and the style though vigorous shows at times a straining after effect. The name of the author we take to be fictitious. (40 cts. Harper & Bros.)

THE CHOICE of the story of Esther for an historical romance is a sagacious one, and E. Leuty Collins, in his novel 'Hadasseh; or, From Captivity to the Persian Throne,' has written a book to which he has contrived to give much of Oriental atmosphere and splendor of imagery. The story of Esther's beauty, of her ascendancy over the violent and unstable-minded Artaxerxes, of her devotion to her people and of their restoration to prosperity and honor through her influence, is one of the most dramatic in the annals of that remarkable people, the Jews. For ourselves we prefer the character of Hadasseh as illustrated in the Apocrypha. There, despising her situation as wife to an idolatrous heathen, abhorring the sign of her high estate, not greatly esteeming the King's feasts, taking no joy since she was brought hither, she endures all, braves all, for the welfare of her people, and is self-sacrificing to the end. Here she is finally touched with the mortal passion of love for the voluptuous, tyrannical King. Mr. Collins has not followed the records exactly, but he has, nevertheless, made an interesting story which has explained Mardocheus's dream for his people. 'A little fountain became a river, and there was light and the sun and much water: this river is Esther whom the King hath married, and made Queen.' (\$1.50. Cassell & Co.)

MR. WILL N. HARBEN had a very clear purpose before him in writing his story 'Almost Persuaded,' and has executed it with some skill and decided originality. Indeed, it is the originality of the means to his end which makes the book different from any other we know of. That end is to show that there is a vast amount of suffering which organized church charity does not reach, and which church-members do not attempt to alleviate; that hypocrisy flourishes, and that observance of the law is not the creed of Christ. All this is trite enough, certainly; but it is the conception of the story that is interesting. An English gentleman by a shipwreck on the coast of Africa became separated from his infant son, who was cast upon the shore. Until the child was eighteen



he lived among monkeys and wild beasts, subsisting as they did. At that time his father returned and found him; and, proud of his noble name and humiliated by the condition of his son, isolated himself from the world, and with a beautiful niece and this son who, under training, showed the intellect of a man but at times sank again to the degradation of a mere animal, went to live in an uninhabited part of Texas. The father jealously concealed his son's state, little by little taught him to behave himself and to study, and when the time came put the Bible into his hand. By this he was almost, but not wholly, persuaded to become a 'professing' Christian. The subsequent development of his character was due to the influence of music, love and devotion to the task of alleviating the miseries of mankind. The style of the book is not that of a cultivated writer. (50 cts. Minerva Pub. Co.)

'THE DIARY OF A PILGRIMAGE' is one of Jerome K. Jerome's whimsically written books. The pilgrimage was the trip of an ingenious youth to Ober-Ammergau, to see the Passion Play. There are some entertaining bits anent German customs and conveniences (or inconveniences), but to our mind Mr. Jerome just falls short of being a successful humorist. There is a tediousness, at times, and a lack of spontaneity which make one smother a yawn when one should be suppressing a smile. Besides, his stories lack saliency and a natural climax. One of the charms of Mark Twain's wit is that he so unconsciously lures you on to skittles. Mr. Jerome has, however, a breadth of observation and an insight into certain social evils which give his writing an interest of their own. We would cordially commend the essay at the end of the volume called 'The New Utopia' to incipient socialists. (\$1.25. Henry Holt & Co.) —'ALONG THE ANATAW,' by Mary R. Baldwin, is 'the record of a campaign' against intemperance in the little place of Masson. Many forces, moral and humane were at work in this crusade, and not the least influential was the example of Philip Mayne, working to get back the old estate which, in his grandfather's time, had been the glory of the family, and which had been lost to them because of the father's drunken habits. Varied and severe are the ordeals which the chosen characters go through, but glorious are the triumphs therefrom. (90 cts. Hunt & Eaton.)

#### Recent Theological and Religious Literature

'WHO WROTE THE BIBLE?' is a question which many people are asking just now. Judging by the way so many clerical Rip Van Winkles are rubbing their eyes, and just discovering that Renan and Wellhausen are in the world, we imagine the question has been silently asked oftener than some persons imagine. Evidently, too, some professors in the theological seminaries are not wholly fair to their pupils. Dr. Washington Gladden, a pastor in full honor and fellowship in one of the Unitarian Orthodox Congregational churches, believes it is time to let the people know all about it. Like Ladd and Thayer and Harper and Briggs he would 'do justice to the Christian public.' He looks into the Hebrew Bible, the sources of the Pentateuch, the earlier and later Hebrew prophecies, and the poetical books, and lets their own testimony be heard. In genial conversational form, he gives the consensus of results obtained by critical scholarship. His book is suggestive, not dogmatic. He devotes six chapters likewise to the New Testament, its origin, style, and the formation of the canon. Thorough familiarity with the subject makes his pages easy and delightful reading. The author, who is a devout preacher of the Gospel, laboring for the good of men and the salvation of their bodies and souls, scouts the scholastic figments which have been woven about the Bible. He leads the people to see what the records themselves claim. The book is not for scholars, it is for the people, and its publication by this scholarly and orthodox Congregational clergyman is but one more of the many earnest attempts of good men to keep in concord faith and knowledge. To him the Bible is not infallible, historically, scientifically or morally; yet it is to him the Book of books and the guide of life, and the basis of his teaching and preaching. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

OF THE NINE VOLUMES of lectures on the Bohlen foundation in Philadelphia, two have already become classics. These are 'The Influence of Jesus,' by Phillips Brooks, and 'The Continuity of Christian Thought,' by Prof. A. V. G. Allen. The volume for 1890 treats of the 'Constitutional History of the American Church.' The author is the Rt.-Rev. William Stevens Perry, D.D., Oxon., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Iowa. By the 'American Church,' Bishop Perry does not mean the church first established in America—*viz.*, the Roman Catholic,—nor that first having a regular ecclesiastical edifice or full organization in the region now called the United States; but the Protestant Episcopal Church. Of this historic organization he gives 'the general ecclesiastical Constitution,' 'its history and rationale.' Without table-of-contents or

index, the author's manuscript has been turned into print, with an occasional footnote. He traces with clear analysis and bold treatment the work of William White, and his pamphlet, 'The Case of the Episcopal Churches Considered.' He reviews succinctly the events and controversies connected with the establishment and organization of the Episcopalians in the United States, together with the revision of the British Book of Common Prayer, and closes as he began with a high tribute of honor to William White, who for a half-century superintended the work of leading the body of Christian believers who accept the tenets and order most nearly approaching the Anglican system. Of this Bishop he says:—'Wise, conservative, conciliatory and firm, he left his impress on our very being; and generations yet unborn shall rise up to call him blessed.' The book is of great interest to students of the 'historic episcopate,' and to all interested in reading the history and forecasting the future of the particular denomination of Christians who seem in all our large cities to be outstripping their brethren of other names, and absorbing within their fold so many born in other 'communions.' (\$1.50. T. Whittaker.)

'IT IS WRITTEN' is a well printed and indexed pamphlet by T. S. Bacon, D.D., called forth by the claims of the higher criticism which it attempts to refute. The author has made 'a careful study of the Gospels as to all the words and acts of our Lord, and other things contained therein touching the holy scriptures of the Old Testament.' It is a calm and strong protest against the methods and tendencies now increasingly prevalent among those learned in the Hebrew and Greek scriptures, who apply the results of criticism and the historical method to the Bible. The author seems to see all the possible harm likely to result from searching the scriptures in this modern fashion, but does not appear to have opened his eyes widely to behold the probable gain to come. Such processes as are now being applied to the sacred writings are more likely, we think, to hurt tradition and ecclesiasticism than to hinder truth. The author's style is pleasant, his thought clear and his temper sweet—three necessities in controversy. (Wilbur B. Ketcham.)

A GOOD MANUAL of preparation for Lent or for Holy Communion is a little book entitled 'Preparation for Worship,' from the pen of Mr. F. E. Carter, Canon Missioner of Truro Cathedral. It consists of five short addresses on self-examination, repentance and resolution, faith, thanksgiving and love. These are all based upon the last question in the Catechism of the Church of England, and forcibly and fittingly illustrate this concluding portion of the churchly standard of Christian faith. (60 cts. Longmans, Green & Co.) —'C. M. S.' (WHICH may stand for 'Compilation Made Serious') has a talent for culling and arranging literary flowers from the garden of a noble soul. From the writings of the late Canon Liddon, he or she has gathered for every day in the year, including leap-year's offering, a literary gem or a stimulating thought. Like the cloud not bigger than a man's hand, the little book will be welcomed by the lovers of Dr. Liddon's personality and work as the token of fertilizing richness. (60 cts. Longmans, Green & Co.) —THE REV. CHAS. H. PARKHURST, D.D., the well-known pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in this city, sends forth two studies of the problem of the unity of Christendom. The pamphlet is entitled 'First Steps toward Christian Unity,' and the two discourses treat first of 'one body in Christ,' and 'members one of another.' The style is terse, brilliant and epigrammatic, and the thought clear and strong and interpenetrated with the burning desire of the author to attain the end in view—the unity of all Christians. (Fleming H. Revell Co.) —IN 'SKETCHES of Jewish Life in the First Century,' by the Rev. James Strong of Drew Theological Seminary, we have two sympathetic and scholarly papers. The first treats of Nicodemus, or scenes in the life of our Lord; and the second of Gamaliel, or scenes in the life of Saint Paul. In the form of stories, with dialogue and imaginative incident, and with illustrations of the historic scenes, the little book makes a welcome addition to the Sunday-school library. (60 cts. Hunt & Eaton.)

'AS IT IS IN HEAVEN' is the title of a dainty volume in snow and gold, outwardly lovely and inwardly pure and elevating. The author, Lucy Larcom, known already for her literary gift, appears in this instance as a spiritual counsellor and a stimulating guide. This little book shows how the words in the prayer of prayers may be illustrated in our lives. Out of the world's best treasury of thought, first written in what the old divines called 'the inspired languages,' and out of the gifts of thought which the great poets and thinkers have offered to the Christ, she has gathered light, beauty and perfume. She has read deeply in the writings of E. H. Sears, J. H. Thom and George Mac Donald; but her own thoughts, if not most profound, are crystal clear. The whole tone and atmosphere of the volume remind one of a woodland stream in the purity

and freshness of a summer morning. 'To receive and radiate the life of God' is her main theme, and is to her the purpose of life on both sides of the bourne which we call the grave. The various relationships and human communings are looked at and interpreted with such sight and insight as those which were without measure in the man of Nazareth. (\$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*Deighton's Edition of 'Antony and Cleopatra.'*—This great tragedy is now added to the list of Shakespeare's plays (Macmillan: 40 cts.) which Mr. K. Deighton is editing for East India scholars, with incidental reference to their use elsewhere. The introduction is admirably suited to its purpose, but the notes, though excellent in the main, are marked by the puerility in paraphrasing easy passages in the text which I have pointed out in notices of earlier volumes in the series. When Antony (i. i. 35) says 'Kingdoms are clay,' if the figure needs explanation the context certainly furnishes it; but Mr. Deighton thinks it necessary to state that the speaker means they are 'not worth the trouble of conquering.' Iras, in the next scene, tells Charmian that she shall 'paint' when she is old; and lest the guileless Oriental youth should perhaps assume that she may take to china-painting or similar art suited to impecunious spinsters, this note is inserted:—'*Paint*, heighten your beauty with rouge.' Examples of such superfluous exegesis might be given by the score, but I have sufficiently illustrated this peculiarity of Mr. Deighton's editing on former occasions.

*Quotations and Misquotations.*—The friend whom I have before quoted as to blunders in quoting Shakespeare says, in a more recent note:—

Another passage often misquoted is 'a looker-on here in Vienna' ['Measure for Measure,' v. i. 319], being changed to 'a looker-on here in Venice,' as I saw it given a few days ago in a Boston newspaper.

Referring to Abraham Lincoln's familiarity with the dramatist, he says:—

There is a Shakespeare quotation in a letter of Lincoln's partially given on p. 244 of vol. i. of Nicolay & Hay's Life; and I find the same quotation (only a little more of the passage is quoted) in another piece of his writing which is given on p. 212 of the same volume. Mr. W. D. Kelley has something to say regarding Lincoln's study and knowledge of Shakespeare in pp. 265-267 of 'Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln by Distinguished Men of his Time' (New York, 1886). See also pp. 459 and 473 of the same book.

In an article on 'The Needle's Art,' by Mrs. M. C. Hungerford, in *Harper's Bazar* of a few weeks ago, many apt quotations from Shakespeare are suggested for doilies and kindred table-linen; as 'A good digestion to you all!' ('Henry VIII.'), 'Sit down and feast, and welcome to our table' ('As You Like It'), 'I must eat my dinner' ('Tempest'), 'Taste of these Conserves' ('The Shrew'), etc. For a bread-plate 'Ceres' blessing still is on you' ('Tempest') is proposed; and so on.

*The Ashbee Quartos.*—Sets of these facsimiles, to which I recently referred, are rarely offered for sale now-a-days, as only thirty-one out of the fifty that were printed are in existence, and these are mostly locked up permanently in libraries; but Mr. Quaritch, in one of his latest Catalogues (No. 115), advertises the forty-eight volumes for 36l. This is cheap enough, considering their rarity.

*A New Facsimile of the First Folio.*—Now that the only really satisfactory reproductions of the Folio of 1623 are out of print and obtainable only at fancy prices, it is pleasant to learn that a new facsimile of the invaluable volume is to be published in England which will be in some respects superior even to Staunton's. Mr. Duncan C. Dallas has received permission from the Trustees of the British Museum to photograph the book, and will reproduce it from the negatives by his 'Dallastype' process, which is claimed to be more accurate than photo-lithography. The sample pages sent out with the prospectus appear to sustain the claim, being remarkably clear and distinct in the minutest details of the typography. The size of the page will be what is known as 'imperial octavo,' which is large enough for perfect legibility and fidelity to the original, while the book will be considerably less bulky and heavy than Staunton's folio. Messrs. J. E. Garratt & Co., 48 Southampton Row, London, as Mr. Dallas's agents, will issue the work in parts of 16 pages each. There will be 57 of these parts, and the price for the set to subscribers will be 5 guineas, or about \$25. On the completion of the issue this price will be doubled. The first part will be published within a month after one hundred subscriptions have been obtained; and it is intended to bring out the rest

within two years from that date. There ought to be little difficulty in getting the requisite number of subscribers in the course of the next three months. No American agent is mentioned in the prospectus of the publishers, but one should be appointed at once.

*The author of 'Obiter Dicta' on Shylock.*—A curious error occurs in Dr. Rolfe's "Shakespeariana" in *The Critic* of July 25, writes T. B. A. of Harrisburg, Pa. 'In the paragraph headed "The Author of 'Obiter Dicta' on Shylock," Dr. Rolfe says:—"A noteworthy contribution is an article on Shylock by the author of 'Obiter Dicta' (Mr. Birrell) in the merry vein of his essay on Falstaff." Reference to the preface of the second series of "Obiter Dicta" shows that the author of that essay—totally different in style from the others—was not Mr. Birrell, but George Radford.'

The mistake occurred in Dr. Rolfe's department, but the Doctor himself was not to blame for it. In his manuscript the name of Mr. Radford was given, Dr. Furnivall having filled out the author's initials in the copy of the brochure which he sent from England, and which Dr. Rolfe was describing. We ourselves consulted a copy of the first series of 'Obiter Dicta,' and finding there no reference to Mr. Radford, substituted Mr. Birrell's name. A proof was sent to Dr. Rolfe, and special attention called to this 'correction.' He confessed his inability to throw any light upon the matter, so the 'correction' stood. The true authorship of the essay is revealed, as T. B. A. states, in the preface to the second series of 'Obiter Dicta,' where Mr. Birrell writes:—"I am sorry not to have been able to persuade my old friend, George Radford, who wrote the paper on "Falstaff" in the former volume, to contribute anything to the second series of "Obiter Dicta." In order to enjoy the pleasure of reading your own books over and over again, it is essential that they should be written either wholly or in part by somebody else.' This reminds us of the remark of a poet at an authors' reading, who declared the sonnet he was about to read to be his best, the reason being that it was written by some one else—a blind man, to whom he had described the scene it pictured.—EDS. CRITIC.

### Magazine Notes

THE MIDSUMMER *Far and Near* has a list of contents as varied as the working girls' societies which it represents. The economic value of the clubs as factors in raising the standard of material life is discussed editorially, as well as the deplorable lack of thoroughness in the hurried life of to-day, and the true foundation of lasting popularity. Miss Caroline Hazard contributes a second paper on English clubs, in which she describes 'The Singing Competition' of last year; and Miss Clare de Graffenried of the United States Labor Bureau, in 'Co-operation in Maryland,' tells of the new Vacation Lodge near Baltimore. 'Nature's Boarding-Houses' is a most pleasing account by the Rev. Frederick Gardiner, Jr., of some of the boarders and lodgers who quarter themselves upon others (with or without invitation, as the case may be) among those queer little inhabitants of sea and shore of whom most of us know but little. The third paper on 'Our Government,' by Miss Lucy Adams Barrows, treats of Congress; and in 'Mary's Room' a cheap method of turning a very unpromising bedroom into a veritable bower is told in the form of a story. The most attractive article of all, however, is 'On Stony Ground,' by Susan Coolidge, being the second in a series of four. The first article by a club-member is called 'The Power of Smiles'—a title very appropriate to its author, Miss Grace H. Dodge; and the others are a very original paper entitled 'The Advancement of Woman and its Effect Regarding her Opinion of Man,' by Miss S. M. Sour of the Ivy Club; 'An Invitation' by Miss Lucy Warner of the Help-Each-Other Club; and a quaint little poem by Miss A. E. De Fries, a junior member of the Emma Lazarus Club. True to its aim of dividing its pages between club-members and others, the second poem in this issue, 'Jacob's Ladder,' is by Miss Elizabeth A. Davis. Of the various departments, 'Books Old and New,' conducted by Miss Katherine Pearson Woods, author of 'A Web of Gold,' is longer and more attractive than usual. A criticism of the paper itself is contained in a communication from Mrs. Jane Russell of the Endeavor Club, New York.

It might be too much to say that Mr. Stead heard with pleasure of the baccarat scandal, seeing at a glance what rich material it afforded for a lay sermon in *The Review of Reviews*. This month the sermon is preached, and it is a highly edifying one. Its text is the prayers for the Queen and 'all the Royal Family' in use in the Church of England. By a simple arithmetical process it is discovered that those prayers have been uttered at least eight hundred and eighty millions of times 'since first the cannon thundered at the birth of the Heir Apparent to the British throne.' 'Eight hundred and eighty millions of prayers, and an answer thereto the Baccarat scandal of Tranby Croft! \* \* \* The net result at-



tained so far has been so unsatisfactory as to amount to a dramatic fiasco, as if all the prayers of the Church for fifty years had been but as the whirling of prayer-wheels innumerable of pious Thibet. Mr. Stead gives notice to John Bull that he must look to his own ways before utterly condemning the Prince,—must give up the gambling 'on Change' and at Epsom himself, before he sets his face against a quiet game of baccarat. To put an end to gambling in England, it will not suffice to stop the playing of baccarat—a game which bears the same relation to betting and speculation that, 'in the sphere of temperance, Chartreuse bears to beer and gin.' The most interesting point in Mr. Stead's 'sermon,' however, is the declaration, on the authority of 'Wales's' private secretary, that the Prince owes not a farthing that he cannot pay. An article on 'Cromwell and the Independents' includes a portrait of Oliver himself, from a painting hitherto unengraved, and one of Dr. R. S. Storrs of Brooklyn. Announcement is made, with portraits of the successful competitors, of the result of the competition for a prize of \$1500 offered by the *Review* for the best examination in the history of the latter half of the year 1890. *The Chautauquan* and Dr. Flood are the magazine and magazine editor singled out for special attention this month. The departments are as full as usual.

A series of illustrated articles on 'Dress and Adornment' will be begun by Prof. Frederick Starr in the August *Popular Science Monthly*. The first paper is on 'Deformations,' and describes the cutting, painting, and tattooing of the skin, filing the teeth, flattening the skull, etc., which are customary among certain peoples. A similar theme is discussed in 'Head-flattening among the Navajo Indians,' an illustrated article by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt. Two instalments of Mr. Gladstone's discussion with Prof. Huxley over Christ's sending the devils into the herd of swine are printed under the titles 'Prof. Huxley and the Swine-Miracle' and 'Illustrations of Mr. Gladstone's Controversial Method.' The number opens with one of Dr. Andrew D. White's Chapters in the Warfare of Science, entitled 'From Fetich to Hygiene,' which gives a picture of the ravages of epidemics when prayers and saintly relics were relied upon to check them. 'The Value of Statistics' is discussed by the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, who tells how census returns should be used, and shows how they are sometimes made to give false evidence. Mr. S. N. Dexter North closes his interesting account of 'The Evolution of the Woollen Industry' in the illustrated series on American industries. 'The Unity of Germany,' by Mme. Blaze de Bury (that very clever Scotchwoman married to a Frenchman), is the *cheval de bataille* of the August *Arena*. A paper of less weight but equal interest is 'My Home Life,' by Dr. Amelia B. Edwards, Egyptologist, fiction-writer and lecturer. The frontispiece is a portrait of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and there is a portrait of Miss Edwards also.

Mr. Andrew Lang, writing of Piccadilly in the *Scribner's Monthly* series of famous streets, proves to be almost a devil's advocate. 'This essay is not precisely a Praise of Piccadilly,' he declares. 'To a taste not fond of cities, no street is very fascinating.' Were the High Street of Edinburgh his theme, its memories would fill a volume; in the High Street of Oxford every stone has its history; 'but Piccadilly is yet too fresh and novel, and will scarce yield a few pages.' It is made to do so, however; and even if one be no lover of Piccadilly—that 'fresh and novel' thoroughfare which yet is so old that the origin even of its name has been lost in the mists of a respectable antiquity—he may still have a weakness for its present historian, who has done his appointed task conscientiously if not *con amore*, and who could not be uninteresting if he would, and would not if he could. In his cradle Mr. Lang was 'breathed on by the rural Pan'; and his taste is rather for that sequestered region of which he tells us, where an old couple came in from the country to learn whether or no it was Sunday, than for the turmoil of London town, where 'you may almost make a crowd by stopping to tie your shoe-lace.' The story-tellers whose contributions fill the greater part of this Fiction Number wander far from Piccadilly, in choosing the scenes for their tales. 'The Wrecker,' by Mr. Stevenson and his stepson Mr. Osbourne, which begins this month, introduces us to a point so remote as 'Tai-o-hae, the French Capital and port of entry of the Marquesas Islands'; Thos. Nelson Page summons up remembrance of a recent visit to Norway, in the sad little idyll of 'Elsket'; another long leap must be made in imagination to get to 'The Ranch of the Holy Cross,' Colorado, with A. A. Hayes; and still a longer one to land (if one does 'land') in Venice, with T. R. Sullivan, whose 'Anatomist of the Heart' is 'a shrewd observer with a firm touch, quoted and admired as one of the great writers in his generation,' but lacking 'the woman's heart that, where genius is, always reveals itself beneath the man's strong hand.' Miss Annie Eliot's 'Unreflectual Fire' is lighted on the seaboard in that No Man's Land which is the common posses-

sion of all mankind. One of the best illustrations in the number accompanies this story, and reveals a fair maiden eaves-dropping at a sentimental tête-à-tête. Poems there are by Mrs. Fields and Mrs. Moulton, by Archibald Lampman and Archibald Gordon, and by John J. A. Becket and an anonymous poet whose 'Great King's Dream' was well worth signing. 'Parliamentary Days in Japan' and a group of Point of View papers, in one of which anonymous journalism is justified to men, complete the tale of this month's magazine.

Vol. XVII. of *The Overland Monthly*, Jan.-June 1891, breathes of the Pacific slope, of its bee-ranches, its dairy-farms flowing literally with milk and honey; of its fruits and flowers, its gold, its climate, its aspirations and acquirements. From it we learn what Californians are occupied about, and find that we can share their interest in Rocky Mountain sheep, Texan travel, the Yukon River, the McKinley Bill and the future of their fish industry; in opium-smuggling, in Indian hop-pickers, in Nauvoo, in San Francisco's parks, and Auburn's transition from a mining to an agricultural town, typical of that which the State has already undergone. Lest it be supposed that Californians care only for practical matters, let us hasten to add that Sully Pradhomme's philosophy, Millet's painting and the aesthetics of music are considered in well-written essays; that poetry and the short story flourish in its pages; and that the editorial departments take a wide outlook over the worlds of mind and of matter; national and international affairs and home and foreign literature being discussed with abundant knowledge and in a liberal spirit. Numerous illustrations afford seductive glimpses of California scenery, industries and pastimes. (San Francisco.)

### Fickle Lycé

Q. HORATI FLACCI, CARM., LIB. IV., XIII.

'Audivere, Lycé, di mea vota.'

#### I

NOW AT last I have my vengeance,  
Fickle Lycé, for your scorning,  
And the gods have given answer to my prayer;  
For twilight has crept upon you  
Playing still the games of morning,  
And the follies of your nonage debonair.

#### II

Vain, you court unwilling Cupid  
With a cracked and quavering ditty,  
Baiting lures with painted cheek and ogling leer;  
Yet he haunts the laps of maidens,  
Knowing naught of dole or pity,  
Whilst their merry, lilted musie fills his ear.

#### III

Costly gowns bedecked with jewels  
Cannot quicken now the flutter  
Of a heart which once your bright eyes rendered sear.  
'Where's that form that once breathed beauty?'  
Ghosts of dead hours seem to mutter,  
As the poet asked for snows of yester-year.

#### IV

In the wiles of mild flirtation  
Only one I've known surpassed you,  
But the spinster Fates were envious of her bloom;  
Whilst you have an old-maid's guerdon,  
And the mocking swains trip past you,  
Dragging life out like the raven to the tomb.

FAIRFAX HARRISON.

### The Lounger

THE ARRIVAL of Mme. Modjeska in New York is welcome news to her host of admirers in this country. It is not only pleasant to know, in a general way, that Mme. Modjeska is again with us, but it is pleasant to be assured that we are again in the way of seeing a tragic actress of the first rank. With the exception of Sarah Bernhardt, there has been none in this country since she sailed away whom a lover of the drama would care to see. Mme. Modjeska will have a company of her own for this season, which is another matter for congratulation; and when she opens her New York season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in January two new plays will have been added to her repertory, both by American authors—playwrights who have still to win their spurs. This shows a desire upon her part to encourage budding talent, and I sincerely hope that she will be the means of developing, if not a new Shakespeare, at least another Bronson Howard.

I UNDERSTAND that after this month the post of literary editor of the Chicago *Tribune* will be filled by Mr. Edward J. Harding of this city. I have known Mr. Harding's work longer than most people, I suppose. It is near ten years, I should say, since my attention was first attracted to him by a communication in *The Critic*, in which he picked to pieces, with lively wit and the lightest possible literary touch, that famous bit of doggerel, 'The Bells of Shandon.' Since then I have seen a good deal of his writing, a little of it in verse, but most of it in the form of book-reviews or literary essays, the greater number of which have appeared in these columns; and in all of it there has been a neatness, a precision, a sense of proportion and of style that has given a Gallic air to every sentence of his composing. Now that he has been invited to make his home in Chicago, the literary circles of that city will doubtless be glad to know something about him.

I MAY SAY, then, that Mr. Harding is an Englishman by birth, and knows Tennyson's country as a Concord boy knows the country of Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne and Thoreau. He received his education at the Bristol Grammar School, an old foundation dating back to 1536, where he was always at or near the head of his class. Ill-health compelled him to leave school at seventeen, without proceeding to the University. At twenty-one—that is, in 1872—he came to New York at the invitation of his brother, Lieut.-Col. W. J. Harding, a veteran of the War, and for eighteen years was associated in a confidential capacity with the various law-firms of which Mr. Henry E. Davies, formerly Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, and his son, Mr. Julien T. Davies, Counsel to the Elevated Railroads, were at the head. A book of poems, 'Cothurnus and Lyre,' which appeared in 1878, was highly praised but is now out of print. Mr. Harding's love of literature is shown by his having devoted the leisure evenings of a recent winter to the making of a metrical translation of Hugo's 'Le Roi s'Amuse.' He regards himself as a thorough-going American, and has always been in sympathy with our institutions. Last year he was a member of the Committee on Literature of the People's Municipal League, which labored in vain to secure a proper government for this city. His new calling is infinitely more to his taste than the one he has abandoned, and I congratulate him upon the change no less heartily than I felicitate the *Tribune* upon his accession to its staff.

THE CHICAGO *Tribune*, I hear, intends making its literary department more of a 'feature' than heretofore. How the baseball reporters abuse that poor word, by the way. 'Rusie's pitching and Anson's three bagger were the features.' 'Lord warrant us! what features?' as Audrey would say.

IT WAS ONLY because his name was written under it that I recognized the portrait of Mr. James Lane Allen in the July *Writer*. I do not mean by this that the likeness is not a good one, but merely that Mr. Allen has changed since I last had the pleasure of seeing him. Then his face was long and thin, and he wore a beard. Now the beard is shaved off, leaving nothing but long moustaches, and the face is round and plump. Evidently literature agrees with Mr. Allen, for his face is by no means 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' His spectacles, worn for some reason that has nothing to do with age, give a literary aspect to the picture, which is enhanced by a background of books and what appears to be a 'galley-proof' in his hand.

'NOT LONG BEFORE his regretted death,' writes a Western correspondent, 'Prof. Richard A. Proctor wrote an article lamenting the decadence of literary taste in this country, adducing the facts that towns which, not long before, had supported courses of lectures, had wholly given them up, and that newsdealers were finding a better sale for trash than for periodicals of real merit. This may possibly be true, but I am of the opinion that our "Mother Country" is rapidly descending the same grade. When I was in England in 1883 I could buy *Public Opinion*, *The Athenaeum* or *The Academy*—three weeklies which I especially liked—at almost every news-depot. But when I returned in 1888, I could only get them at the large stalls in London. Out near the Crystal Palace they were only to be had by especially ordering them. Said a dealer:—"We don't keep 'em any more. There's no demand for 'em, don't you know? I can horder 'em for you, but you must pay for 'em in advance. Cawn't 'ave 'em left on our 'ands, sir." And so I had to pay mytuppence ha'penny or thruppence for each in advance, or miss seeing them; while fresh issues of the trashiest sheets were literally "corded up!" It really seems to me that where a paper like *The Critic* has so quickly come into such wide and generous appreciation, it is the best evidence in the world that there is no decadence, but that we are really "forging a head!"'

'THE CENTURY DICTIONARY' defines 'sheeny' as 'a sharp fellow—hence, a Jew.' Not unnaturally the Jews dislike such a definition, even though the word is described as a word of opprobrium, and stigmatized as slang. *The American Hebrew* having taken the editor of the Dictionary to task for this lapse in amenity, Mr. Benjamin E. Smith, Prof. Whitney's chief assistant, sends to the editor of that paper a communication in which it is denied that the definition 'sanctions' the objectionable use of the word, the term being 'described as "slang" and "opprobrious."'

The *Hebrew* declares that its feeling would have been 'somewhat modified' if the word were described as 'opprobrious,' but the phrase actually used is, 'a term of opprobrium'—a somewhat different thing. It is admitted on both sides that the Dictionary erred without any intention of giving offence, and the matter seems to be in a fair way of ending, as it began, in inkshed,—a correspondent of the attacking paper smoothing things over with this luminous and humorous suggestion:—'To make the *amende honorable*, "The Century Dictionary," in its later volume, should define the colloquial word "Yankee" as "a sharp fellow, hence a Sheeny, but not essentially a Jew; a native of New England."'

I FIND these lines in a daily paper:—

These *dolce far niente* nights, with the moon throwing quiet arabesques of shade around the lawn, one feels neither like reading nor thinking deeply. Whitman just hits the mood in an impromptu verse in his delightful out-door notes:—

'At vacancy with Nature,  
Acceptive and at ease,  
Distilling the present hour,  
Whatever, wherever it is,  
And over the past, oblivion.'

The verses (here scotched, if not killed, by spelling out the poet's 'what'er, wher'er it is') appeared ten years ago in one of Whitman's *Critic* papers entitled 'How I Get Around at Sixty and Take Notes.' They were written four years earlier, being dated Sept. 5, 1877. They are called 'A Quintette,' and the poet introduces them with these words:—'While I have been kept by the rain under the shelter of my great oak (perfectly dry and comfortable, to the rattle of the drops all around), I have pencilled off the mood of the hour in a little quintette, which I will give you.' And having given it, he asks:—'Can you get hold of it, Reader dear? and how do you like it, anyhow?' I wonder if he has waited four-teen years for an answer to his question.

I HEARD a young lady say not long ago that she considered 'Black Beauty' a pernicious book. I could scarcely gasp 'what do you mean?' 'I mean,' she replied, 'that I have seen the folly of living up to its teachings. After reading the book I began to follow its suggestions. I loosened my horse's bearing-rein, and when he did anything naughty, I reproved him gently, and asked him politely not to do it again. The effect of loosening the bearing-rein was to make him stumble, and the tricks I gently chid him for would have become habits if I hadn't thrown 'Black Beauty' out of window, pulled up his head with the bearing-rein, and given him a little cut with the whip when he misbehaved. Now he goes as beautifully as a horse need, while under the other treatment he was fast being ruined.' I should not have thought so much of this if the young lady had not been devoted to horses, and more familiar with their ways than the average man.

TO TELL THE TRUTH, I was beginning to feel much as my friend did, but hadn't the courage to say so. To call 'Black Beauty' 'pernicious' may be to use too strong language, but certainly one can be too easy-going with a horse. I believe in being kind to animals: I am too fond of them to be anything else; but 'Black Beauty' would seem to teach that all you have to do is to reason gently with a horse and he will at once do your bidding. This is a mistake and you will find that it is, when you have tried the experiment. Of course there are some horses that are so sure-footed that they need not be reined up, but there are others that require 'checking.' After all, however, 'Black Beauty' has done no end of good, and is a book that every one who loves horses should read.

I HAVE BEEN called to order by P. S. M. of Great Barrington, Mass., for saying that Mr. Oudin has made a hit 'in the profession' by his make-up as Ivanhoe. I should have said *in* 'Ivanhoe.' In describing his use of the hare's-foot and powder-puff, Mr. Oudin himself says, 'the Templar is a man of action, passionate and voluptuous,' etc. P. S. M., therefore, was not misled; but it makes her 'feel uncomfortable' that the hero of her first romance should be maligned in this manner, even by a slip of the pen.



## Boston Letter

AMÉLIE RIVES has given us a new hero and heroine of whom to talk. In her tale 'According to St. John,' just begun in *The Cosmopolitan*, she has introduced us to a girl in love with the husband of a dying friend. So much the public has learned this past week, and in the opening chapter the readers have discovered, apparently, a rather melodramatic romance. It has been my privilege, however, to read the entire story before its appearance in print, and though I will not take from the pleasure of the reader by disclosing the coming events in the life of Jean Carter and Adrian Farrand, I can point out the chief feature of the novel, its aim and the moral that underlies it. It is not until another month that the magazine reader will witness the baring of the question—a rival to the famous query of Mona Caird,—'Is second love a failure?' Not in so many words is it stated, but we find man and wife separated by the unseen yet depressing vision of a former wife. The very kiss given in betrothal calls up the earlier kiss with another maiden, and the presence of the first love rises to cause a shiver and a shudder. 'Such kisses are always the seal of despair or happiness, faith or treachery, self-abandonment or self-sacrifice,' says Mrs. Chanler, and the reader begins then to query with himself whether real love ever comes twice in a lifetime to one person.

There are no villains as leading characters in the story. Mrs. Chanler has made her chief people good—very good. The dying first wife quenches her early passion for the sake of the devoted husband; he in turn is conscientiously devoted to his second wife, and she is his literally for life and for death. So no impure or evil thought is introduced into the central query. He is an atheist. 'We can love the attributes of God without imagining a supernatural Being to whom they belong,' he says. 'I can love justice, mercy, truth, purity, love itself, although I don't believe in the Jehovah of the Israelites.' She believes in no hell. So nothing of spiritualism is allowed to trammel the pointed query. In sharp, earnest language Mrs. Chanler has shown the thoughts, uttered and muttered, of these two beings who vainly seek the happiness of the love that, according to the tale, can come but once and has already passed by. The paradox is declared by the hero:—'I love her at the same time I love you, and though my reason tells me she has gone from me forever, she is as real a presence to me as the spring about me.' What Mrs. Chanler's personal belief is, in regard to this query, I do not know; someone undoubtedly will inquire, when her proposition in literature sets the reader discussing; but she has assuredly put forth this ideally romantic side of one eternally lasting love in vigorous form and so surrounded by tragic consequences, in the breaking of its assumed law, as to bring a series of dramatic incidents before the mind. I cannot say the lesser characters in the story greatly interested me, but the heroic struggle of these two beings against the inevitable as it appears to their sensitive souls will assuredly cause individual thought and general discussion, when fully understood. As to the strange, religious title—according to St. John, 'greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends.' It would not be proper to indicate more at present with the future career of Jean and Adrian still undeclared. Their trials in mind and body will come, and they will interest.

I must confess that to me one of the chief interests in a book lies in the introduction. The model preface, frank and conversational, takes you so easily into confidence and entertains with so pleasant a fireside chat of preliminaries and their origin, that the very personal character of their constitution contrasts with the far-away impersonal story or essay that follows. I thought of this as I read James Russell Lowell's introduction to Walton and Cotton's 'Complete Angler.' Little, Brown & Co., who brought out a private edition of the book some two years ago, are to put forward a public edition in October, and in it will include Mr. Lowell's introductory biography of Isaak Walton. It is with almost a semi-apology that Mr. Lowell begins his essay. 'Biography in these communicative days,' he declares, 'has become so voluminous that it might seem calculated rather for the ninefold vitality of another domestic animal than for the less lavish allotment of man.' 'Biography,' he adds, farther on, 'has found out a process by which what is human may be so thrust upon us as to become inhuman, and one is often tempted to wish that a great deal of it might not only be made foreign to us, but firmly kept so.'

As I read those sentences in the advance-sheets, I could not help wondering if Mr. Lowell, at the time of writing, was thinking of that unfortunate episode in newspaper history wherein the authenticity of an interview between himself and a personal friend, who was also a newspaper writer, was in question. It really would seem so, for in an after paragraph in his Introduction he writes:—'In these chattering days, when nobody who really is nobody can stir forth without the volunteer accompaniment of a brass band,

when there is a certificated eye at every keyhole, and when the Public Informer has become so essential a minister to the general comfort that the world cannot go about its business of a morning till its intellectual appetite is appeased with the latest doings and sayings of John Doe and Richard Roe, there is healing in the gentlemanlike reserves of the past, a benign sense of seclusion, a comfort such as loved hands bring to fevered brows, in the thought of one who, like Walton, has been safe for two hundred years in the impregnable stronghold of the grave. Malice, domestic treason, interviews, nothing can touch him further. The sanctities of his life, at least, cannot be hawked about the streets or capitalized in posters as a whet to the latest edition of the *Peeping Tom*.' This edition of 'The Complete Angler' is to be liberally illustrated with etched frontispieces and wood-engravings, according to the promises of the publishers.

In my letter to *The Critic* of July 4, I mentioned Charles R. L. Putnam as a grandson of James Russell Lowell, forgetting that Mr. Lowell has but one child, Mrs. Edward Burnett; the relationship was, of course, erroneously stated.

BOSTON, August 4, 1891.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

## International Copyright

## PROTECTION AND LITERATURE IN FRANCE

'AMONG the measures of reprisal proposed in the Belgian Parliament last March,' says the *Times*, 'when the new French protectionism with its discriminations against Belgian products was brought into the French Chamber, was a withdrawal of the property rights accorded French writers and artists. In fact, it was only a little later that the treaty between France and Belgium, negotiated in 1881, for the reciprocal guarantee of literary and artistic rights, was denounced by the latter country, and will consequently soon expire. . . . Just about that time Switzerland came forward and gave notice of her desire to terminate the corresponding treaty covering the rights of authors and artists in existence with France since 1882. . . . But it seems probable that the rights of workers in French literature and art are too securely guaranteed abroad to be imperiled even by so exasperating a law as the bill brought in by M. Meline. Even in the case of Belgium and Switzerland, something more than the termination of the existing treaties on the subject must be done before French authors and artists will suffer. Belgium has had a law on her statute books since 1886 relating to copyright, in which the same rights are accorded foreigners as those secured to citizens. This law would have to be repealed or amended in order to make the proposed reprisal of Belgium effective. And in Switzerland there is a Federal law dating from 1883, giving to foreign authors the same rights as natives, provided the country of the former has reciprocal legislation, as France has.'

Moreover, both Belgium and Switzerland are signers of the Berne Convention of 1886. The second article of that agreement grants to the citizens of any signatory power the right to dispose of their literary and artistic productions in any other, under the same legal protection as that enjoyed by natives. True, Belgium and Switzerland might withdraw from the Berne Convention, but they could not do it simply as concerns France; they would have to do it absolutely, and become outer barbarians to all the other signers. This is a step which they would hesitate to take. Especially would Switzerland hesitate to take it, since it would necessarily involve the loss to Berne of the Bureau of the International Union, maintained there at present by the signatory States at an expense of \$12,000 a year. Thus it would appear that whatever reprisals in other forms France may be subjected to on account of her rush into McKinleyism, the property rights of her writers and artists are too thoroughly secured in other countries to be easily forfeited.'

## PENALTIES FOR VIOLATION OF THE NEW LAW

THE Secretary of the Treasury has prescribed the following regulations:—

'1. Copyrighted books and articles, the importation of which is prohibited by Section 4,956, Revised Statutes, as amended by Section 3 of said act, shall not be admitted to entry. Such books and articles, if imported with the previous consent of the proprietor of the copyright, shall be seized by the Collector of Customs, who will take the proper steps for the forfeiture of the goods to the United States, under Section 3,082, Revised Statutes.'

'2. Copyrighted books and articles imported contrary to said prohibition and without the previous consent of the proprietor of the copyright, being primarily subject to forfeiture to the proprietor of the copyright, shall be detained by the Collector, who shall forthwith notify such proprietor, in order to ascertain whether or not he shall institute proceedings for the enforcement of his right to the forfeiture. If the proprietor institutes such proceedings and ob-

tains a decree of forfeiture, the goods shall be delivered to him on payment of the expenses incurred in the detention and storage and the duties accrued thereon. If such proprietor shall fail to institute such proceedings within sixty days from date of notice, or shall declare in writing that he abandons his right to the forfeiture, then the Collector shall proceed as in the case of articles imported with the previous consent of the proprietor.

3. Copyrighted articles, the importation of which is not prohibited, but which, by virtue of Section 4965, Revised Statutes, as amended by Section 8 of said act, are forfeited to the proprietor of the copyright when imported without his previous consent, and are moreover subject to the forfeiture of \$1 or \$10 per copy, as the case may be, one-half thereof to the said proprietor and the other half to the use of the United States, shall be taken possession of by the Collector, who shall take the necessary steps for securing to the United States half of the sum so forfeited, and shall keep the goods in his possession until a decree of forfeiture is obtained, and the half of the sum so forfeited, as well as the duties and charges accrued, are paid; whereupon he shall deliver the goods to the proprietor of the copyright. In case of failure to obtain a decree of forfeiture the goods shall be admitted to entry.

#### SOMETHING WE ALL HOPE FOR

IT IS THE HOPE of America that in the course of some few years the present law will work so well that the reprinting clause may no longer be considered necessary even by its present adherents. Doubtless, on the further representation of governments of other nations, the President will be enabled to add other nations to the roll entitled to the privilege of copyright in this country, and it is the reasonable hope of all friends of copyright progress that before the century closes the United States may be joined with other civilized nations in an international convention of the broadest sort, even better than the present Berne Convention, insuring to brain-workers of whatever sort the full control of that property which is the creation of their brains.—*The Publishers' Weekly*.

### The Fine Arts

#### Art Notes

THE editor's appreciation of the 'French Rustic School' is the most notable article in the July *Portfolio*, and in the series of essays on the present state of the fine arts in France to which it belongs. Mr. Hamerton begins with the first turning towards nature of the French school, with Leopold Robert and his contemporaries. He brings his paper down to the present day and mentions almost every artist of note who has concerned himself with rural subjects; but he shows, more than once, that he is out of sympathy with the men and their work. He knows of them, but he does not feel with them. Still, the illustrations serve as a corrective of the text. The frontispiece of the number is a good steel engraving after Julien Dupré's 'Hayfield.' Other interesting articles are on 'The Church Plate of Leicester Shire,' with cuts of examples; and on Rowlandson, the caricaturist, whose boast was that he had etched enough copper to sheath a man-of-war. The full-page plates, besides 'The Hayfield,' are a 'Lion's Head,' etched by Dicksee, and a photographure, 'Innsbruck,' after a water-color by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.

—Mr. John Ward Stimson appeals for assistance for the Institute for Artist-Artisans, of which he is Superintendent. The work of the Institute has grown to such an extent that more help from artists and others is needed in carrying it on.

—Mr. Philip Schuyler has obtained a temporary injunction from Judge Barrett of the Supreme Court, restraining Ernest Curtis, Alice Donlevy, Francis E. Fryatt, Emma S. Marsily, Lilian Isaacs, Elizabeth B. Phelps, Annie C. Lawson, Ada Carpenter and Jonathan S. Hartley 'from circulating or publishing any statement in relation to a project of the Woman's Memorial Fund Association, to make and exhibit a statue of Mary M. Hamilton, from receiving or soliciting subscriptions therefor, and from making or exhibiting such statue, or causing the same to be made or exhibited.'

### Replies to Tolstói on Tobacco

COUNT TOLSTOÏ's article on the effects of tobacco and alcohol has been translated into many languages and has aroused much discussion. It occurred to one of his translators, M. Halpérine Raminski, to ask a number of Frenchmen, well known in letters, art, or science, for their opinion of the theories of Tolstói on this subject, and the literary supplement of the *Figaro* recently contained, as the cable has informed us, a score of the replies received. The correspondent of the London *Times* was favored with the opportunity of giving simultaneously with their appearance

the replies of M. Gounod, M. Alphonse Daudet, M. Jean Richepin, M. Zola and Dr. Charcot.

M. Gounod says:—'You do me the honor to ask me my opinion on the very interesting study of the illustrious Count Tolstói in reference to the effect of tobacco on the intellectual and moral faculties. I have just read this noble essay with that respectful attention merited by the venerable name of the author, and I admit sincerely the truth of his opinion in all that has to do with the intellectual faculties. I think that the habit of using tobacco produces a sluggishness of these faculties, that this sluggishness follows upon the habit, and by abuse may reach even to atrophy. I am not so sure that it could positively result in the annihilation of conscience, whose witness is too startling to undergo so easily an eclipse so disastrous. I say conscience, be it noted; I do not say will. Conscience is a Divine decree; will is a human energy. The latter can be weakened by abuse of the organs; the former, however, seems to me quite beyond all effect of the sort, because it creates the responsibility without which man ceases to be amenable. I have smoked a great deal. I do not recall that it has ever modified the judgment of my conscience on the morality of my acts.'

M. Alphonse Daudet writes:—'In reply to your question, let me say to you that certainly your admirable Tolstói is under unfortunate obligations to our Tarascons. He sees everything larger than life, and in his case one must always bring him to the point. Doubtless abuse of tobacco and alcohol is folly, but after dinner nothing is so good as a good pipe taken with one or two little glasses of excellent brandy. As for myself, I have never sought, and I never shall seek, alcohol as a stimulant for work. When it happened to make me drunk when I was a young man, I was incapable of writing or conceiving a line. In return, I have smoked a great deal while working, and the more I smoked the better I worked. I have never noticed that tobacco was injurious, and, by a kindness of nature, when I am not well even the smell of a cigarette is odious.'

M. Richepin says:—'I have taken the keenest interest in Tolstói's essay on narcotics and stimulants, but I cannot fully agree with it. It seems to me exaggerated in attributing the habit of intoxication merely to a desire to stifle the moral conscience. I believe that what is especially sought in it is a means of avoiding the essential conscience—the conscience without any name—I mean the simple conscience of self. In the state of drunkenness, intoxication or reverie thus obtained, it is the instinctive unconscious self almost which rules. But is it perforce immoral? In my humble opinion it is only non-moral, that is, not good nor bad, as the case may be, but essentially neither the one nor the other. The great delight then experienced is particularly the delight of *nirvana*. Let the abuse of this pleasure blunt the will and paralyze activity, let these go from you, and then I agree with Tolstói in thinking such abuse deplorable for the vitality of the individual and of the race. But I believe that the individual and the race, if they are strong, can, without indiscretion, permit themselves these fugitive escapades, destructive—if carried to their logical conclusion—of self, and that, so far from being weakened thereby, they will gain a sort of strength, as in a dream of momentary forgetfulness from which one wakes with a keener taste than before. . . . I no longer smoke.'

M. Zola says:—'I do not drink wine, but I do not suppose that that makes me wise, for I am thus temperate only for the sake of my health. It would be indeed to romance to think with Tolstói that man goes from instinct to tobacco and alcohol from a necessity of putting to sleep his conscience before fatal sin. I regard the vice rather as silly and a matter merely of *bonhomie*. Certainly, one drinks for pleasure, and one smokes first from ostentation and afterward from habit. And, good heavens! Why not leave this pleasure and this habit to those who do not suffer from it?'

Dr. Charcot writes:—'I am compelled to admit that I do not find the article of Tolstói very able. It is exaggerated, and therefore false. Alcohol and tobacco are injurious, but they can be used in moderation. There are numerous examples of this. Moreover, before alcohol and tobacco there came into the world abominable things. Indeed, since their introduction civilization has rather softened. Must one say, then, that tobacco and alcohol are moral forces? In everything I hate extreme positions. I believe in common sense, and I do not see that the position of Tolstói conforms to its dictates.'

'I may be allowed to add in my turn,' says M. Blowitz, 'that in this question, as always, Tolstói remains just what he is—a powerful mind with original ideas full of brilliant sagacity, but his excessive imagination leads him far astray and magnifies things beyond all measure. He feels, moreover, so great a necessity of showing himself absolutely original that he prefers to arrive at unexpected conclusions, however false, than those which are logi-



cal and exact, but have already penetrated other minds. The abuse of tobacco and alcohol leads to moral degradation by means of physical degradation, but their use, even when a little extravagant, cannot lead to the destruction of the conscience, and I knew intimately a man who died at the age of eighty-six, having preserved all his buoyancy and conscience, who throughout his life had had neither ache nor dyspepsia, who preserved all his faculties, but who had smoked for seventy consecutive years, from sixteen to eighty-six, fourteen hours a day, so that he consumed during life 7500 pounds of tobacco. It is clear that in the light of such an experience the conclusions of Count Tolstoi appear as illogical as exaggerated; and, as says M. Alphonse Daudet, "His man of the North has in him something of the South."

### "Blizzard" at Home Again

A LARGE literature is growing up anent the word *blizzard*. That little affair of March 12, 1888, brought the word into prominence in this quarter of the world; and within the past few months a somewhat similar experience has forced it upon the attention of our home-keeping English cousins. The most curious thing about the vocable is its general acceptance as an 'Americanism.' In the Northwest, where terrific gales of wind filled with dry snow are of frequent occurrence and long duration, it has been a household word for many years. For forty-one months it has been acclimatized, so to speak, in the Eastern States; and just now it is very much at home on English pens and lips. Even before last winter, when it gained such general currency in Albion, it had been used by Mr. Theodore Watts in a sonnet in *The Athenæum*; and only a few weeks ago that accomplished poet and critic published in the same journal a communication from which the following passage is extracted:—

"I notice with some surprise that since our great recent blizzard the old English word, which describes so picturesquely our English snow-blast—the wind that answers to the *tourmente* of the Alps, the "death-wind" of the Himalayas, and the "demon's breath" of the Andes—is spoken of by some of our journalists as an "Americanism"; and even such admirable lexicographers and philologists as Murray, Barrère, and Leland treat the word as a modern Americanism. Americans are a very clever people, to be sure, but they did not invent *blizzard*. Long before what Mr. Moncure Conway calls the "English variant in America" was born or even dreamt of by the Old Country, the word *blizzard* was about as familiar a word as "fountain," and more familiar than the word "mountain," in the Midland Counties; while, so far from its being American in origin, it was not till within the last thirty years, according to Bartlett and other American philologists, that it was ever heard in the Eastern States, and in the Western a *blizzard* meant a knock-down blow from an argument, not a knock down blow from a snow blast."

In support of what he says about the Midland Counties, Mr. Watts prints an extract from a letter to *Notes and Queries*.

In a communication to *The Athenæum*, Mr. C. A. Ward declares that *blizzard* is 'true English to the backbone,' though he has 'come back freckled from America.' He notes it as curious that 'Shakespeare's "blizzard and the drouth" is passed without comment in Dyce's glossary to the plays and poems.' And in the following paragraph he gives the 'freckled' prodigal a local habitation and a name in London at least a century ago. 'While this word still attracts attention it may be well to note that in the Fulham Road, not very many years ago, there was a little one-story house of a hundred or more years' standing, when Brompton was rural and passed for a Montpellier, that had a stone let in at the upper story, inscribed "Blizzard House" or Cottage. It stood just opposite Pelham Crescent.'

To the present writer, who lived at Pelham Manor, Westchester County, N. Y., three years ago, it seems an odd coincidence that the name of the keeper of the Pelham bridge should be Blizzard. When the great storm of 1888 broke upon his house, it little knew that that frame tenement sheltered a namesake, perhaps a brother. Or, if it did know, it must be that the house of Blizzard is divided against itself; in which case we may hope some day to see it fall.

Mr. Watts, by the way, might have added 'The Century Dictionary' to his list of authorities that accept the word as an Americanism.

### Current Criticism

'HEDDA TESMAN (BORN GABLER)'.—Mr. Grant Allen lately enlivened society by the assertion that out of twenty girls whom he sits next at dinner in London nineteen are Hedda Gablers. Miss Gabler, in case any reader does not know her history, was a young woman who flirted with a dissipated literary gentleman till she deemed it expedient to marry an archæologist who was an idiot;

she, later, to gain her private ends, intoxicated the literary gentleman, who had taken the blue ribbon; burned the MS. of his book, which he had dropped in the mud; induced him to shoot himself, and blew her own foolish brains out. That was all. Now, how fortunate is Mr. Grant Allen, who, nineteen times in twenty, when he dines out, enjoys the society of a Hedda ('born Gabler'). A fogey, like him who writes, never sits next a girl at all at dinner. Matrons fall to our elderly lot. We know not what manner of women the maidens are. We can only take Mr. Allen's word for it that they are Heddas. Perhaps we are more fortunate than we deem. After a dinner in Hedda's intoxicating society, one might drink too much punch (punch!), might carry about the MS. of our work on 'Palæolithic Problems,' might drop it in the mud, and might blow one's foolish brains out. No danger of these results while we are confined to the conversation of the British matron.—*Andrew Lang, in Longman's.*

### Notes

EARLY in September Macmillan & Co. will begin the publication of a new library of fiction, in uniform binding, to be sold at one dollar per volume. Mr. Rudyard Kipling will inaugurate the series with a collection of short stories, two-thirds of which have never been in print before. Marion Crawford has written a novel for the library, and so have Mr. Shorthouse, the author of 'John Inglesant,' and Miss Hawker, the author of 'Mile. Ixe.' The chief of the early volumes will be Mrs. Humphry Ward's much-talked-of novel, 'David,' which is to appear in November. It is interesting to note that the authors contributing to this series have heretofore published their new books in this country at higher prices than that announced for this library, though their works will now be issued under a law that protects their rights.

—Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of 'The Anglomaniacs,' arrived here this week, on the *Majestic*, from a three months' trip to England, with a peep at the Highlands of Scotland thrown in for full measure. On this trip, by the way, the *Majestic* beat the record from Queenstown to New York.

—'On Many Things' is reported to be the title of the volume of political and social comment which ex Minister Edwards Pierpont expects to publish in the fall.

—'Idler,' a regular contributor, writes in *The Publishers' Circular*:—"I observe it is announced that Mr. Collingwood is at present engaged on a Life of Mr. Ruskin. The work ought to be interesting. Mr. Collingwood has special qualifications for the task he has undertaken, having been for many years Mr. Ruskin's secretary."

—The report announcing the death of Mr. T. A. Browne ('Rolf Boldrewood'), the Australian novelist, is contradicted. Mr. Browne is alive and well, and Macmillan & Co. will shortly publish two more novels from his pen, 'Nevermore' and 'A Sydney Side Saxon.'

—Messrs. Scribner are to be the American publishers of an anthology selected by Mr. W. E. Henley from the best English verse of the last three centuries, descriptive of heroic action and laudatory of heroic sentiment.

—Lee & Shepard announce 'Wood Notes Wild,' notations of bird music by Simeon Pease Cheney; 'The Golden Guess,' essays by John Vance Cheney; 'Gestures and Attitude,' an exposition of the Delsarte theory of expression, by Edward B. Warman; 'A Bundle of French Studies,' by Maria Ellery Mackaye; and 'The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law,' by Harriette R. Shattuck.

—The Rev. Joseph Twichell has written a book on 'John Winthrop, First Governor of the Massachusetts Colony.' It is to be the first of the autumn publications in Dodd, Mead & Co.'s American Series.

—George Routledge & Sons are about to publish an illustrated *édition de luxe* of Lord Lytton's novels, limited to 500 copies. The volumes will be issued at the rate of two a month, and will be completed in thirty-two volumes enriched by about two hundred photogravures.

—Charles Scribner's Sons are about to publish 'The Business of Life,' by the author of 'How to be Happy though Married.'

—The sixth 'crop' of 'Pickings from *Puck*' is now ready, and may be had at any news-stand. Future 'crops' will be issued quarterly.

—'Thackeray's fame,' *The Publishers' Circular* is glad to learn, 'is steadily going up. Booksellers and librarians all over the country report an increasing demand for his works. Does this mean that the public are at length beginning to appreciate style, or is it that they are discovering a manly tenderness, a wide sympathy with humanity, where they imagined there was only ugly cynicism?'

—Mr. Whittier is reported to have reached a point where he feels obliged to abandon his daily walks, except about his own grounds. He cannot endure the fatigue of driving, and his hearing has so far failed that it is with difficulty he can converse. His increasing deafness also prevents his attending church.

—The house of the Macaulays in Great Ormond Street, formerly No. 50, and now the east wing of the London Homœopathic Hospital, is about to be pulled down to make room for a new hospital, which is to cost about \$150,000.

—The fifteenth Summer School of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy is held this year at Avon-by-the-Sea, N. J. It began on Tuesday, Aug. 4, and continues ten days, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, presiding.

—Mrs. Sutherland Orr writes in *The Athenæum*:—"Browning loved Mr. Arnold's poems, and made at least one other person love them. I think 'The Gypsy Scholar' was that which most appealed to him; and it is the one instance I recall of his betraying sympathy with a dramatic or lyric sadness which held any reflection upon life. I first knew the poem through the lines in which it characterizes our modern existence as a strange 'disease,' a tale of 'sick hurry,' and 'divided aims'; and they have lived in my memory through these many years in the sound of the low pathetic voice in which he repeated them." A question from Mr. Lang drew out these facts.

—The death is announced of Mrs. Price, author of 'Who is Sylvia?', 'Hilary St. John,' and other novels which enjoyed a considerable share of public favor in England.

—*University Extension* is the title of a new monthly journal 'devoted to the interests of popular education.' The contents of the first number include articles on 'The American Society,' 'The Fundamental Distinctions between Elementary and Higher Instruction,' 'The Endowment of University Extension,' 'The History of a Branch Society,' and 'The Formation of a Local Centre.' The departments are 'Notes' and 'Current Literature.' The magazine is published by J. Haseltine Shinn for the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, Philadelphia.

—Celia Thaxter's garden at Appledore, the Isles of Shoals, off Portsmouth, N. H., is regarded as 'nothing less than wonderful.' A recent visitor to her cottage writes as follows to the Worcester *Spy*:

Beyond the vine-covered porch is the large room where she receives, at once studio, library and salon. The hardwood floor is spread with soft green rugs, and the dull green wall is lined, row upon row, with pictures, bits of Venice or Florence, photographs of the paintings of old Italian masters, portraits and sketches, and, dominating all, a strong figure drawn in charcoal by William M. Hunt. On the floor, leaning against the grand piano, were many spicited water-color sketches just sent in by Childé Hassam. On tables, windows, mantel, everywhere, were flowers. Tall cylinders with graceful poppies, blue bowls heaped high with red roses, glasses filled with delicate sweetbrier and great masses of nasturtiums or the yellow California poppies, made an indescribable wealth of color. In the midst Mrs. Thaxter, in a pale gray gown, a silver star in her snow-white hair, the tan of the sea on her cheeks and the blue of the sky in her eyes.

—The most general form of meanness shown by English people, according to *The Spectator*, is shown in the matter of books. 'We seriously believe,' it says, 'that the great proportion of the upper and middle class of England never buy a book for their own pleasure from one year's end to another. Prayer-books or hymn-books, school-books or children's books, they must buy, because they cannot obtain them otherwise; but as regards any other kind of literature, the lending library affords them an excuse for not buying, and of that excuse they avail themselves to the utmost.'

—Under the hammer, in the country, a copy of the Tennysons' 'Poems by Two Brothers' has just been sold for 15*l.* 10*s.*

—On the eighth and last evening (July 20) of the International Congregational Council in London, the *Tribune* says, 'Dr. W. E. Griffis, of Boston, was at his best. Dr. Griffis laid some of the foundation-stones of popular education in Japan with his own hand twenty years ago. His address of half an hour on the "History and Development of Japan" took his English audience by storm. It seemed as if the applause at the close would never let the next speaker begin.'

—*Notes and Queries* denies that 'disgruntled' is an Americanism. 'American papers often speak of "disgruntled" men, meaning those who suffer under a sense of injury or are otherwise dissatisfied. There is a derogatory undertone in the ugly word. Some danger existed a while ago that it would be reintroduced into English usage, but that seems now to be happily past—reintroduced, not adopted, because it is originally English, like so many other

"Americanisms." In "The Weekly Pacquet of Advice from Rome," Vol. IV., No. 10, Feb. 24, 1681-82, occurs the phrase, "But you may remember that Hodge was a little disgruntled."

—E. G. B. of Cleveland, Ohio, thinks it high time to head off, 'so far as anything of the kind can ever be overtaken,' the statement that is running the round of the press (including *The Critic*), to the effect that Mrs. French Sheldon 'was born in America and is a granddaughter of Sir Isaac Newton.' 'The only Sir Isaac Newton known to fame or likely to be thought of in reading this statement died in 1727, and was never married!'

—The Boston *Journal* relates this anecdote:—An American went into the book establishment of Chatto & Windus and asked for Hare's 'Walks in London.' In the United States it is printed in one volume, in England in two. 'Oh!' said the Yankee, as he looked at them, 'you part your Hare in the middle, do you?' 'I, sir, said the clerk, with a bewildered look. 'Oh, no, sir!' 'I saw he didn't see the joke,' said the Yankee, 'so I didn't explain, but bought the books and went away. A week later I entered the same shop. As soon as the clerk saw me he approached me, exclaiming, "Good! Capital! Part your Hare in the middle"—that's capital, sir! Capital!'"

### The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS

1628.—I should like to learn who Maria Blunt is, beyond the fact that she is a writer of excellent short stories.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

M. R. C.

1629.—Can you tell me anything of the authorship of a little book called 'Flatland,' published by Roberts Bros. in 1884 or 1885? I would be glad to know, also, where I could find some notice or review of the book.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

F. McK.

[This 'satire,' by 'A Square,' was noticed in *The Critic* of April 18, 1885.]

1630.—There is a poem of 432 four-line stanzas narrating a story told by a hermit to a young couple driven into his cave by a storm. It is of a certain Sir Bertram, who, returning from the wars, finds his intended wife stolen, and sets out in search of her, his brother, engaged in the same quest, and like him disguised as a minstrel, going in an opposite direction. After a long search, Sir Bertram discovers his lady-love looking from an upper window of a castle; but before he can rescue her, she is brought to the ground, with the aid of a rope-ladder, by a villainous-looking fellow, upon whom Sir Bertram throws himself the moment the man and woman reach the ground. He kills not only the man, but (accidentally) the young woman also; only to discover that it is his brother whom he has slain. Broken-hearted, he becomes a hermit; and it is he who tells the tale to the storm-bound young couple in his cave. Can you tell me the name of the poem, and of its author?

ERIE, PA.

L. G.

### Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Atherton, G. F. A Question of Time. \$1.....	U. S. Book Co.
Bovet, Mme. de. Three Months' Tour in Ireland. \$2.25.....	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Buckbee, S. E. Primary Word Book. 30c.....	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Delpit, A. Her Sister's Rival. 50c.....	Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Durand, A. M. Costa. 60c.....	W. R. Jenkins.
Duruy, V. History of the Middle Ages. \$1.60.....	H. Holt & Co.
Epworth Hymnal No. 2. 25c.....	Hunt & Eaton.
Flaubert, G. Madame Bovary. ....	Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Goodwin, W. W. Present and Future of Harvard College. 30c.....	Ginn & Co.
Gordon, J. A. Puritan Pagan. \$1.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Heimburg, W. Misjudged. ....	Worthington Co.
Hove, E. W. Confession of John Whitlock. 25c.....	Atchison, Kansas: Globe Pub. Co.
Kellogg, B., and Reed, A. The English Language. 60c.....	E. Maynard & Co.
Mauspasant, G. de. Contes et Nouvelles. 25c.....	W. R. Jenkins.
Pryce, R. Just Impediment. 50c.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Reed, A. Introductory Language Work. 40c.....	E. Maynard & Co.
Reche, J. J. Story of the Filibusters. ....	Macmillan & Co.
Spencer, H. Justice. \$1.35.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Strong, J. Doctrine of a Future Life. 60c.....	Hunt & Eaton.
Studies from the Kindergarten. Ed. by A. Brooks. ....	N. Y. College for Training of Teachers.
Tineau, L. de. Jenny's Ordeal. ....	Worthington Co.
Vervins, A. de. Deux Artistes en Voyage, etc. 25c.....	W. R. Jenkins.
Wells, W. Logarithmic Tables. ....	Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.
Whiting, C. E. Complete Music Reader. 90c.....	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Whitman, S. Imperial Germany. ....	J. W. Lovell & Co.
Ziegler, C. C. Drauss un Dehrem. ....	Leipzig: Druck von Hesse & Becker.



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